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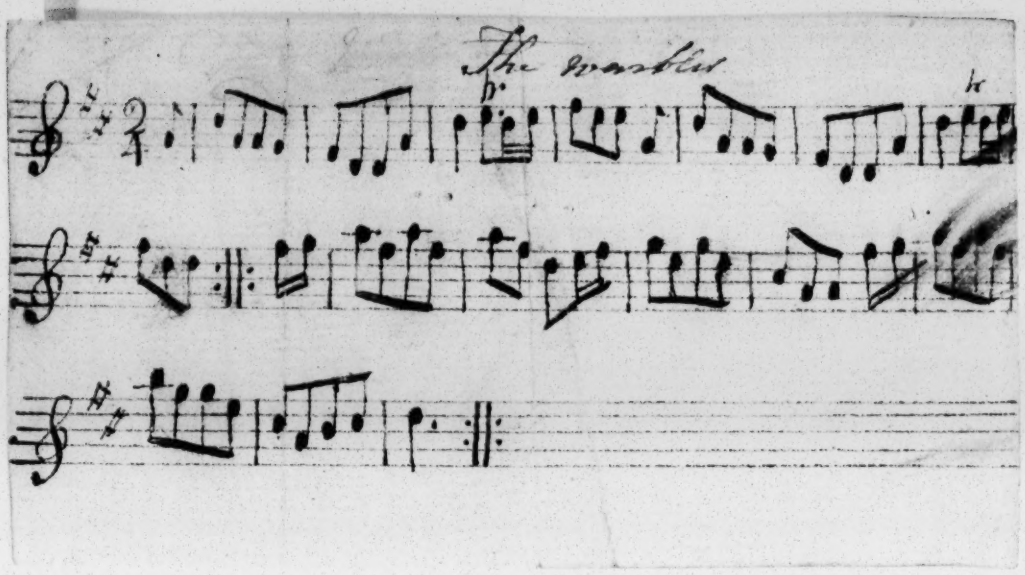
The marshes

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THE SMILING MORN

Andante

for *for* *pia.* *pia.* *for*

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In_vite the tuneful birds to sing, and

pia.

while they war_ble from each spray, Love melts the u_ni_ver_sal lay. Let

us A_MAN_DA time_ly wise, like them improve the hour that flies, And

in soft raptures waste the day A_mong the birks of IN_VER_MAY.

S. *S.* *S.* *S.*

THE SMILING MORN, &c.

BY MALLET.

AIR.—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The ſmiling morn, the breathing-ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my boſom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'ſt me, my Willie, the ſame.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome my Willie;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Reſt, ye wild ſtorms, in the cave of your ſlumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithleſs, and minds na his Nanie,
Flow ſtill between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never ſee it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

WHERE is the ſmile that was heav'n to our eye?
Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?
Nought now around us is heard but the ſigh;
Nought in the valley is ſeen but the tear?

Bleſt is the cottage thy charms ſhall adorn;
There will the moments be wing'd with delight;
Pleaſure with thee ſhall ariſe at the morn;
Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

Marian, thy form was a ſun to our ſhade,
Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain.
Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade;
Let not chill darkneſs ſurround us again.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove?
What is our crime that our valley ſhould pine?
Say, doſt thou pant for the conqueſts of love?
The hearts of our ſhepherds already are thine.

HERE AWA THERE AWA.

Larghetto

pia. *for* *S.*

pia. *for* *S.*

Here a _wa, there a _wa, wand _er _ing WIL _ _ LIE Here a _wa,

pia.

pia.

there a _wa, haud a _wa hame, Come to my bo _som my ain on _ly

Dea _ _ rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WILLIE the same.

S.

S.

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE

DUET
Adagio

rf rf

S. S.

What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. yet MARY's still sweeter than

What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. yet MARY's still sweeter than

those, both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay

those, both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay

flowers of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

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S. S.

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE?

BY Mr. CRAWFORD, (of the Auchnames Family.)

AIR.—TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
No daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The black-bird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic inchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

BEHIND YON HILLS, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang muirs, and moſſes many, O,
The wint'ry ſun the day has clos'd;
And I'll awa to Nanie. O.

Tho' weſtlin winds blaw loud and ſhill;
And it's baith mirk and rainy, O;
I'll get my plaid, and out I'll ſteal,
And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, ſweet and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His ſheep and kye thrive bonie O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come well, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will ſend me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nanie, O.

ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

BY DR. PERCY.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?

No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare;
Say, canſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair.

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, canſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?

O can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear;
Nor, ſad, regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy, canſt thou love ſo true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pangs of wo?

Say, ſhou'd diſeaſe, or pain befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care?
Nor, wiſtful, thoſe gay ſcenes recal,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And cheer with ſmiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathleſs clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor *then* regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

BEHIND YON HILLS.

Adagio non troppo

for *pia.* *for* *pia.*

for *S.*

Be_hind yon hills, where Lu_gar flows, 'mang muirs and mosses

hr *for* *S.* *S.*

ma_ny, O. The win_try sun the day has clos'd, and I'll a_wa to NAN_NIE, O.

Tho' west_lin winds blaw loud and shrill; and its baith mirk and rai_ny, O. I'll

get my plaid, and out I'll steal, and o'er the hill to NAN_NIE, O.

S. *S.*

HEAR ME YE NYMPHS.

Adagio

for *pia.* *for* *pia.* rf

pia. *pia.*

'S.

Hear me ye Nymphs and

'S.

'S.

ev'_ry_ Swain, I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me; Tho' thus I languish and complain A_

_las! she ne'er be_lieves me. My vows and sighs, like si_lent air, unheed_ed ne_ver

move _ her, The bon_ny bush a_boon Traquair, 'twas there I first did love her.

'S.

'S.

HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS, &c.

BY Mr. CRAWFORD.

AIR.—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell you how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her.
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

.....

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

BY Mr. CRAWFORD.

AIR.—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ONE day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhou'dſt leave me;
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that's griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may'ſt believe me,
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſoothe!
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly!
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

Adagio

for *rf* *pia.*

One day I heard MA _ RY say

How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A _ DO _ NIS, Stay Why wilt thou

grieve me A _ las! my fond heart will break If thou shou'dst

leave me; I'll live and die for thy sake, Yet ne _ ver leave thee.

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

DUET
Allegretto

dol *pia.* *pia.* *pp* mo

My PATIE is a Lo_ver gay, his mind is ne_ver mud_dy, his breath is sweet_er

My PATIE's a Lo_ver gay his mind's ne'er mud_dy his breath's fweeter

than new hay, his face is fair and rud_dy. His shape is hand_some middle size, he's stately in his

than new hay, his face is fair and rud_dy. his shape's handsome middle size he's stately

wawk_ing, The shi_ning of his een surprise, 'tis heav'n to hear him tawk_ing.

wawk_ing The shining of his een surprise, 'tis heav'n to hear him tawk_ing.

pia. rf rf

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR.—CORN RIGGS.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurprize;
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.

He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
"O corn riggs are bonny."

ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry ſtorms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the ſky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee!

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.
Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day;
For ſoon, too ſoon it will be night.
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me?
The ſun ſhines ſweet, my Marion,
But nae half ſae ſweet as thee.
The ſun, &c.

O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.
And fain, &c.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gi' them a' to my Marion
Upon her bridal-day:
I'll gi', &c.

And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat o' London brown;
And wow but ye will be vap'ring;
Whene'er ye gang to the town.
And wow, &c.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.
And gin, &c.

ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

O MARIAN, ſo ſweet are thy kiſſes,
Thou ſhouldſt not thy ſhepherd refuſe.
Behold! they are ſo many bliſſes,
And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou loſe.

Thoſe lips were created for pleaſure,
Then, wherefore, deny thy poor ſwain?
Say, thou feeleſt the loſs of the treaſure,
I'll give thee thy kiſſes again.

Then, Marian, moſt cheerfully deal 'em,
By ſuch preſents thou can'ſt not be poor;
So fruitful thy lips when I ſteal 'em,
They quickly are cluſter'd with more.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION

Andante

pia. *pia.* *rf*

for *rf* *for*

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts MARION, and wear in the sheep wi' me? The

Sun shines fweet, my MARION, but nae half sae sweet as thee, The

Sun shines sweet my MARION, but nae half sae sweet as thee.

for

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED

Largo

pia. *dol* *pia.*

My Sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep_hook, And all the gay haunts of my youth I for_

_sook, No more for A_MINTA fresh garlands I wove; for am_bition I said, would soon

cure me of love. O what had my youth with am_bition to do. why left I A_

_MINTA why broke I my vow. O give me my sheep and my sheep_hook re_store, and I'll

wander from love, and AMINTA no more.

rf

S.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, &c.

BY SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

AIR.—MY APRON DEARY.

My ſheep I neglected, I loſt my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook,
No more for Amynta freſh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I ſaid, would ſoon cure me of love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander from love, and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue,
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, Amynta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth, &c.

FAREWEL TO LOCHABER, &c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR.—LOCHABER.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, farewel to my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I have mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May-be to return to Lochaber no more.
Tho' hurricanes riſe, and raiſe every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind;
Though loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd;
But by eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And loſing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould chance to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS THAT ADORN, &c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ. OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

YE ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your ſports, and attend to my ſtrain;
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone with ſuch bliſs in his view.
Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine:
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her wrath;
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
She ſmiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my ſighs.
A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air,
Inſpires me with hope, and yet bids me deſpair.
I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bliſs her in ſpite of my grief.

By night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh, and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace; may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.
Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhou'd love whom ſhe cannot admire.
Huſh all thy complaining; and, dying her ſlave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyſelf to the grave.

FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

Affettuoso

dol *pia.* rf rf *pia.* 'S. 'S.

Farewel to Lo_chaber, farewel to my JEAN, where heartsome with thee I have mo_ny days

been, For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, we'll may_be re_turn to Lo_chaber no

more. These tears that I shed they are a for my dear, And no for the dangers at_

tending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloo_dy shore, may_be to re_

_turn to Lo_chaber no more. rff rf 'S. 'S. 'S.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES

Andante

dol:

rf

rf

·S.

·S.

Braw Braw Lads on Yar_row Braes, Ye wan_der through the

pia.

pia.

bloo_ming hea_ther; But Yar_row Braes nor Et_trick ſhaws, can

match the Lads of Gal_la wa_ter.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—GALLA WATER.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick ſhaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a ſecret ane,
Aboon them a' I loo him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindeſt, trueſt love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coſt contentment, peace, or pleaſure;
The bands and bliſs o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefeſt warld's treaſure!

MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUED MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE, OF KELLIE.

THE SAME AIR.

Mary's charms ſubdued my breaſt,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
My faithful vows I fondly preſs'd,
And mark'd the ſweet return beginning.

Fancy warmly on my mind.
Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining;
When raptur'd firſt I found her kind,
Her melting ſoul to love reſigning.

Years of nuptial bliſs have roll'd,
And ſtill I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward paſſion ſhe controul'd,
Each anxious care, each ſorrow chearing.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artleſs look attention courting;
Their infant ſmiles diſpel each gloom,
Around our hut ſo gaily ſporting,

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, &c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

AIR.—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.
B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow;
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;
For she has tint hir luver luver dear,
Hir luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comelieſt swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.
Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapleſs fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useleſs useleſs shield,
My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast on the breas of Yarrow.
Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
He was in these to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toosal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my luve and left me mourning.
What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.
My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me;
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve;
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.
But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
Ah me! What ghastly spectre's yon,
Come in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Tak aff, tak aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!
And lye all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lye there after.
A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useleſs sorrow;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, &c.

BY THE REV. Mr. LOGAN.

THE SAME AIR.

Thy braes were bonny, O * Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover,
They braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's tow'rs;
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow:—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow:
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough:
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeleſs corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow,
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

* The critical reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added, to suit the measure of the air;—but in general, that liberties of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.
It is here to be observed, also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the *first* word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws this emphasis upon the *second* word or syllable,—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a quaver for the unemphatic first word.

BUSK YE BUSK YE.

Affettuoso

pia.

'S.

'S.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye my win_some marrow

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, and think nae mair on the braes of Yar_row.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride, Where got ye that win_some mar_row?

I got her where I dare na well be seen, Pu_ing the birks on the braes of Yar_row.

pia.

'S.

'S.

IN APRIL WHEN PRIMROSES.

DUET
Andante

for *pia.* *pia.*

'S. 'S.

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap- proaching re-

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap- proaching re-

1st 2d

-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel-low-hair'd Lad-die would of -tentimes

-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel-low-hair'd Lad-die would of -tentimes

1st 2d

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

'S. 'S.

IN APRIL, WHEN PRIMROSES, &c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR.—THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He ſung with ſo ſoft and inchanting a ſound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung,—Tho' young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air;
But Suſie is handſome, and ſweetly can ſing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon is inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth,
But Suſie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs ſhould be.

'TWAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.

BY RICHARD HEWIT.

AIR.—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſline caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong:
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine,
Around that modeſt brow of thine;
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

'TWAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR

Andante

pia. *f*

'Twas in that sea_son of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap_pear, That

CO_LIN, with the morn_ing ray, A_rose and sung his ru_ral lay.

Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales with NAN_NY rung, while

Ros_lin Cas_tle heard the swain, and e_cho'd back the chear_ful strain

FROM THEE ELIZA I MUST GO.

Larghetto

rf pia. fpia. f fp

From thee E_LI_ZA I must go, and from my native shore: The cru_el fates be_

_tween us throw a boundleſs O_cean's roar. But boundleſs O_cean's roaring wide be_

_tween my love and me, They ne_ver never can divide, My heart and ſoul from thee.

fpia. fpia. pia. f f

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—DONALD.

FROM thee, Eliza, I muſt go,
And from my native ſhore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundleſs ocean's roar:
But boundleſs oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never never can divide
My heart and ſoul from thee.

Farewel, farewel, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the laſt throb that leaves my heart,
While death ſtands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine, that lateſt ſigh!

GIN LIVING WORTH, &c.

AIR.—THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
You wou'd na' ſpeak in vain;
But in the darkſome grave it's laid,
Never to riſe again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whoſe heart was only mine:
And oh! what a heart was that to loſe;
But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy ſoon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin Jamie's in his grave.
And ſee his gentle ſpirit comes
To ſhew me on my way,
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I ſtill am here
Sair wond'ring at my ſtay,

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And oh! wi' what gude will
I follow, wherſoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She ſaid, and ſoon a deadlie pale
Her faded cheek poſſeſt,
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat
Her ſorrows ſunk to reſt.

ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth!
Or think this boſom hard:
My tears, alas! muſt own your truth,
And wiſh it could reward.

Th' exceſs of unabating woe,
This tortur'd breaſt endures,
Too well, alas! muſt make me know
The pain that dwells in your's.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
I ſeek the darkeſt grove,
And fondly bear the ſharpeſt pain
Of never-hoping love.

My waſted day, in endleſs ſighs,
No ſound of comfort hears;
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
To wake her into tears.

If ſleep ſhould lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain,
And hear ſome ſad, ſome wretched maid,
Or ſee ſome perjur'd ſwain.

Then ceaſe thy ſuit, fond youth, O ceaſe!
Or blame the fates alone;
For how can I reſtore your peace,
Who quite have loſt my own?

GIN LIVING WORTH.

Adagio

rf pia.

Gin li_ving worth could win my heart, you

wou'd_na speak in vain_, But in the darksome grave it's laid, ne'er, ne'er to

rise a_gain. My wae_fu' heart lies low wi' his, whose heart was on_ly

mine_, And oh! what a heart was that to lose But I maun no re_pine.

dol

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS.

DUET
Andante

pia.

pia.

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, he's the King o' gude

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, he's the King o' gude

pia.

fel_lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his cof_fers, he has

fel_lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his cof_fers, he has

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon_ny Las_sie his dar_ling and mine.

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon_ny Las_sie his dar_ling and mine.

rf

S.

S.

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has ſheep, he has kine,
And ae bonnie laſſie, his darling and mine.

She's freſh as the morning, the faireſt in May,
She's ſweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artleſs as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, ſhe's an heireſs, auld Robin's a laird;
And my daddie has nought but a cot-houſe and yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come ſpeed;
The wounds I muſt hide which will ſoon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my reſt it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaiſt,
And I ſigh as my heart it wad burſt in my breaſt.

O had ſhe but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd ſhe wad ſmil'd upon me!
O, how paſt deſcriving had then been my bliſs,
As now my diſtraction no words can expreſs!

THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a wonder by nature deſign'd;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cauſe of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful bluſh, and the ſmell of the roſe:
Love and deſtiny both attend on her will;
She wounds with a look, with a frown ſhe can kill.

The deſperate lover can hope no redreſs,
Where beauty and rigour are both in exceſs;
In Sylvia they meet; ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love her, who loves her muſt die.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY, &c.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM,

BY A NEGRO.

AIR.—GRAMACHREE.

One morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did ſing;
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe;
I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea,
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip that bore my Love from me:
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

O ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roſes, lillies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my Love when he returns from ſea;
For I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breaſt!
Or if I were a nightingale, to ſing my love to reſt!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward ſhould be;
For I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might ſpy;
But ah, unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er ſhall ſee;
Yet I love my Love, becauſe I know my Love loves me.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D, &c.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

Had I a heart for falſehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you;
For tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd, your charms would make me true;
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit, no ſtranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the ag'd you'l meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn, that you have bleſt another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt, and act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to ſuffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

Adagio

pia. *for* *S.*

pia. *for* *S.*

One morning ve_ry ear_ly, one morning in the spring, I heard a maid in

pia. *w* *w*

pia. *w* *w*

Bed_lam, who mourn_ful_ly did sing, Her chains she rat_tled on her hands, while

3

sweetly thus sung she, I love my love because I know my Love loves me.

ad lib. *S.* *S.*

O WALY WALY.

Affettuoso

dol.

for

S.

O Wa_ly, Wa_ly, up the bank, and wa_ly, wa_ly

rf pia.

S.

S.

down the brae, and wa_ly by yon burn_side, where I and my love wont to gae

I leant my back un_to an Aik, I thought it was a trusty tree, but

first it bow'd and syne it brake, and sae did my true love to me

S.

S.

O WALY WALY, &c.

AIR.—WALY WALY.

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſtie tree;
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brake,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my head?
O wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-ſeat ſall be my bed,
The ſheets ſall ne'er be warm'd by me;
Saint Anton's wall ſall be my drink,
Since my true love's forſaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was i' the black velvet,
And I myſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſst,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a caſe of gowd,
And pin'd it wi' a ſiller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the Nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gone,
For a maid again I'll never be.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſt'ning plain.

Oh, when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh, when her footſteps next are ſeen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lillies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Nor purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in pray'r.

But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſoothe her ear—
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

AH! CHLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

AIR.—GILDEROY.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but ſit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this drawing did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire,
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, ſhe
Employ'd the utmoſt of her art;
To make a lover, he.

AH! CLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

DUET
Andante

for *pia.* *for*

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit as un_concern'd as when your in_fant beau_ty

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit as un_concern'd as when your infant beauty

pia.

could beget no hap_pineſs nor pain. When I this dawning did admire, And

could beget no hap_pineſs nor pain. When I this dawning did admire, And

prais'd the coming day, I lit_tle thought that ri_sing fire wou'd take my rest a_way.

prais'd the coming day, I little thought that ri_sing fire wou'd take my rest a_way.

prais'd the coming day, I little thought that ri_sing fire wou'd take my rest a_way.

ff

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

Affettuoso

pia. *for* *pia.* *for*

Oh! o_pen the door, some pi_ty to shew, Oh! o_pen the door to

pia. *pia.*

me, — Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll e_ver prove true; Oh!

o_pen the door to me, — Oh!

pia. *rf* *rf* *pia.*

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, &c.

AS ALTERED

BY ROBERT BURNS.

OH, open the door, ſome pity to ſhew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh;
Tho' thou haſt been falſe, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Oh, cold is the blaſt upon my pale cheek,
But colder thy love for me, Oh:
The froſt that freezes the life at my breaſt,
Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh.

The wan moon is ſetting behind the white wave,
And time is ſetting with me, Oh;
Falſe friends, falſe love, farewel! for more,
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh.

She has open'd the door, ſhe has open'd it wide,
She ſees his pale corſe on the plain, Oh;
My true love! ſhe cried,—and ſunk down by his ſide,
Never to riſe again, Oh!

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—THE MILL MILL O.

When wild War's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
And eyes again with pleaſure beam'd
That had been blear'd with mourning;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor and honeſt ſoldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breaſt,
My hand unſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching ſmile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported;
I paſt the mill, and tryſting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha ſpied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's bloſſom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom:
My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a ſoldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a ſoldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him ſhall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely ſhall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?—
By Him who made yon ſun and ſky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man—and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee ſtill true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'ſe ne'er be parted.
Quo' ſhe, my grandſire left me gowd,
A mailin pleniſh'd fairly;
And come, my faithful ſoldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the ſoldier's prize,
The ſoldier's wealth is honor;
The brave poor ſoldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger,
Remember, he's his country's ſtay
In day and hour of danger.

AT SETTING DAY, AND RISING MORN.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

At ſetting day, and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee,
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts, I will repair,
By greenwood-ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine,—by love is your's
A heart that cannot wander.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST.

Andante

When wild wars deadly

blast was blawn, and gen_tle peace re_turning, and eyes a_gain with pleasure beam'd, that

had been blear'd with mourning. I left the lines and tented field, where lang I'd been a

Lod_ger, My humble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor and ho_nest Sol_dier.

THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

Adagio

for *pia.* rf

S. S. S. S.

The night her silent sable wore, and

pia. *pia.* *pia.*

ppm

gloomy were the skies; of glitt'ring stars ap_pear'd no more than those in NELLY's

eyes. When to her fa_ther's door I came, where I had of_ten

been, I beg'd my fair, my love_ly dame, to rise and let me in.

S. S.

THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

AIR.—SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To riſe and let me in.

But ſhe, with accents all divine,
Did my fond ſuit reprove;
And while ſhe chid my raſh deſign,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very ſoul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part!
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd,
My treaſure ſo divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Tranſporting is my joy;
No greater bleſſing can I prove;
So bleſs'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

The heavy hours are almoſt paſt,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you, in every look, declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame?
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

Thus Delia, thus I paint the ſcene
When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſoothes my mind,
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd, at length, to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die, and *think* you mine.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

AIR.—SWEET ANNIE.

Sweet Annie frae the ſea-beach came,
Where Jocky ſpeel'd the veſſel's ſide;
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When Jocky's toſt aboon the tyde:
Far aff to diſtant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been;
And when ilk laſs about him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie:
What though my Jocky's far away
Toſt up and down the awſome main,
I'll keep my heart another day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair falſe Jamie, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his love betray;
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,
My heart to him, ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant jo.

Blaw ſaft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ſtill:
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill:
What though my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

BY COLLINS.

THE SAME AIR.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or midſt the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's ſelf be dead.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA BEACH.

Adagio

for *pia.* *pia.*

S. S. S. S.

Sweet ANNIE frae the

rf *rf* *pia.*

sea_beach came, where JOCKY speel'd the vessel's side; ah wha can keep their heart at hame, when

JOCKY's tost a_boon the tide: Far aff to distant realms he gangs, yet I'll be true as

he has been, and when ilk lafs a__bout him throngs he'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

pia. *rf* *rf* *pia.* S. S.

SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

DUET
Largo

pia.

f

'S.

'S.

Shepherds I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN _ _ NA? Pride of ev'ry sha_dy grove up_

Shepherds I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN _ _ NA? Pride of ev'ry sha_dy grove up_

pia.

_on the banks of Ban _ na. I for her my home for_sook, near yon mis _ ty

_on the banks of Ban _ na. I for her my home for_sook, near yon mis _ ty

moun _tain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook Greenwood shade and foun _ tain.

moun _tain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook Greenwood shade and foun _ tain.

rf

for

'S.

'S.

f

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

AIR.—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have loſt my love;
Have you ſeen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry ſhady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna!

I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood ſhade, and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps ſhe's gone
For ever and for ever.

15
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OCT